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BY THE EDITORS OF **LIFE**

HUNGARY'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM



A Special Report in Pictures 50¢



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FOREWORD

This book is a tribute to the Hungarian dead, to whom (as Archibald MacLeish says, *opposite*) we owe our pity, our pride and our praise. But this book is also a salute to the ways men find—ways routine and ways heroic—to tell each other the story of great deeds and their meaning.

For thousands of years men have been telling each other the unending story of the struggle for human freedom. The brutal but glorious Hungarian chapter in that story took place in a city largely cut off from the outside world. Budapest, as one of LIFE's correspondents wrote, "held for the rest of the world the frightful fascination of a locked closet from which are heard muffled thuds and groans." The closet did not stay locked for long. It was pried open by Western journalists doing their duty but also something more than their duty.

Of the six correspondents and photographers who were in Hungary for Time Inc. during the fighting, four were held for a time by Russian troops, one was wounded, and all survived by what seemed a series of miracles. Those who had been through World War II found this assignment quite different. That war, said one, "was organized. Mostly you shot at greater ranges. But in Budapest you never knew who was a friend. Freedom fighters were sickeningly careless with their lives. They died all around. It was too much to watch. You would be standing next to a man and suddenly his clothes would flutter like a football when it is being inflated and he would sink to the ground—dead." One correspondent who did not survive was Photographer Jean-Pierre Pedrazzini from *Paris Match*. When he went down he said to a companion, "Here, take a picture for me."

The correspondents were part of the fighting, not only by proximity and emotion, but by their function. In that function they received magnificent, even desperate cooperation from the rebels because, next to killing "Avos" and Russians, the rebels' most passionate purpose was to communicate their message of struggle to the outside world.

One rebel was asked how they could fight against such hopeless odds. He replied, "If enough of us get killed, people may notice." These rebels knew what they were doing, but their calculation included the bet that other human beings would hear the news and understand it.

So it is always with the story of freedom. The Hungarian chapter was transmitted first of all by courageous journalists like those whose work appears in this book. But the story needs rehearsing and retelling by man to man, and by generation to generation, so that the priceless thing fought for may keep its central place in our hearts.

HENRY R. LUCE

LIFE

FOR THE PEOPLE OF HUNGARY

We do not speak of a Hungarian Revolution. We speak of the Hungarian agony. From the moment when the Communist regime in Budapest fired upon an unarmed crowd and turned its quarrel with the Hungarian people from a political quarrel which it could not win into an armed revolt which, with Soviet aid, it could not lose, the suppression of the Hungarian resistance was inevitable. The world seemed to feel that it had no choice, short of atomic war, but to sit back and watch, in horror and disgust, the brutal, methodical destruction of an angry people by overwhelming force and conscienceless treachery.

It is understandable, certainly, that we in the United States should feel shamed by our inability to act in this nightmare. Nevertheless, we should not forget, in all the suffering and pain, that we owe the people of Hungary more than our pity. We owe them also pride and praise. For their defeat has been itself a triumph. Those Hungarian students and workers and women and fighting children have done more to close the future to Communism than armies or diplomats had done before them. They have given more and done more. For what they have done has been to expose the brutal hypocrisy of Communism for all of Asia, all of Africa, all the world to see. So long as men live in any country who remember the murder of Hungary, Soviet Russia will never again be able to pose before the world as the benefactor of mankind. The Hungarian dead have torn that mask off. Their fingers hold its tatters in their graves.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH



THE ONRUSH OF REVOLT

A twelve-year reign of Communist terror
drives Hungary to its fierce hour of glory

Magyars rise, your country calls you!
Meet this hour, whate'er befalls you!
Shall we freemen be, or slaves?
Choose the lot your spirit craves!

—SANDOR PETOFI, *National Song*

Inspired by these words at a rally in Budapest (*opposite page*) the Hungarians marched to their magnificent revolution. The words reflected the deepest cause of the revolution, Hungary's ancient love of liberty. But they did not explain how this small nation, the size of Indiana with about the population of Greater New York, had found the incredible bravery to challenge the Soviet Union. That determination the Hungarians had drawn from the last 12 years—from the time, in 1944, when Stalin let loose his pillaging hordes on Hungary.

Stalin's invasion was the latest of many for Hungary. The nation had been founded by an invasion of Magyar tribes from the east in the Ninth Century. But once they settled down, the Magyars stubbornly strove for independence. The Turks occupied much of their territory and the Austrians dominated them, yet they never left off hoping for freedom. In 1848 the Hungarians led by Louis Kossuth rose against Austria, who aided by Russia put them down. The Hungarians remembered that well.

During World War II, Hungary had been allied with the Axis. It feared Russia and it still shuddered at the brief, bloody regime of Hungarian Communist Bela Kun in 1919. But important forces were

anti-Nazi. They tried to pull the nation out of the war and sought help from the West. By 1944 Hungary had become an unreliable ally and the Nazis occupied it. When the Russians drove the Nazis out, the Hungarians expected retribution. They were unprepared for the violence of Soviet vengeance.

"Rape is causing the greatest suffering to the Hungarian population," the Swiss Legation in Budapest reported home in spring, 1945. "Violations are so general—from the age of 10 up to 70 years—that few women in Hungary escape." Rape and looting were the crimes of individual Russians, tolerated by the Soviet command. Dismantling of industrial plants and deportation of Hungarians to Russia were crimes ordered by the Kremlin. The Hungarians submitted, but with rage in their hearts.

They expressed their rage as soon as they could, in the 1945 elections. In the past, the Communist party had been illegal. Now exiled Hungarian Communists had come home with Soviet troops, trained in totalitarian techniques and confident of an electoral victory. But after the balloting, the peasant-based Smallholders party had won an amazing 57% of the vote. The Communists received only 17%.

What the Hungarians wanted and voted for was not what they got. Soviet Marshal Voroshilov, today president of the U.S.S.R., was chairman of the Allied Control Commission for Hungary. At Yalta, the U.S. and Britain had conceded that their members of the commission would have little to say. Unhampered, Voroshilov insisted that the defeated

At the rally that touched off the revolution, Budapest students proclaim their solidarity with the Polish people beneath statue of General Bem, a Pole who fought with the Hungarian revolutionaries of 1848.



Hungarian Communists be included in a coalition government of all the parties. With a little pressure, the Communists took charge of the all-important Ministry of the Interior, which bossed the already Red-infiltrated security police.

Amid the spreading reign of terror they initiated, the Communists pursued their prime objective of breaking the majority Smallholders' party. Bit by bit, they forced the Smallholders to expel "reactionary" members and whittled the party down. Finally the Red police arrested important Smallholders on trumped-up "plot" charges and tortured them until they denounced party leaders. With such false evidence, the Communists in June 1947 forced the resignation of the anti-Communist premier.

Red rush to power

The Communists forgot that in destroying the Smallholders, they outraged more than half of Hungary's voters. In a headlong rush to consolidate their power, they outraged millions more. In the 1947 elections, although they tried to stuff the ballot boxes, the Communists got only 22% of the vote. But they made all the decisions anyway. The Soviet withdrawal from Hungary, in accordance with the peace treaty which dissolved the Allied Control Commission, made scant difference. Soviet troops stayed to protect "communications" lines.

The mop-up of the organized opposition went on. The Socialists were forced to merge with the Communists. Other opposition parties were dissolved. The powerful bastion of anti-Communist resistance, the Catholic Church, was breached by persecutions; these culminated in the "treason" trial and imprisonment of Josef Cardinal Mindszenty. By May 1949, a Soviet-style election finally gave the unopposed Communists the kind of majority they expected in a satellite—95% of the vote.

The Communist who took over in Hungary was "Little Stalin" Matyas Rakosi. He was perhaps the most slavish servant of Moscow in the satellite orbit. Rakosi handed the Hungarian economy over to Moscow, not only as an appendage of the Soviet economy, but also to serve as a testing ground for new policies. So fiercely was industrialization pushed that the once-rich agricultural country had to import grain.

When Stalin died in 1953, "Little Stalin" Rakosi fell from power. His job went to a sleeker Communist, Imre Nagy, who promised more consumer goods. Nagy lasted only about as long as Malenkov. In the Khrushchev era, Rakosi regained his power. After Khrushchev decided to try de-Stalinization, Rakosi fell again. The Hungarians were not only

irreconcilably embittered by a decade of evil—they were reeling from three wholesale policy shake-ups in as many years. The country was coming apart.

Western visitors to Hungary this summer were amazed to find everywhere open, reckless criticism of the Communist past and present. Writers and intellectuals set it off, a multitude of people in factories and on farms joined in. Rakosi's Red victims, released from imprisonment under de-Stalinization, added their complaints. Up to a point, the protests were welcomed by the stage managers of de-Stalinization. Both Moscow and the Hungarian Reds suspected that they had built up a tremendous steam-head of hatred. They gambled on letting it escape bit by bit, lest there be a frightful explosion. But the Communists had tortured the Hungarians beyond the point of reconciliation. The explosion finally came, and here, day by day, is how.

The calendar of revolution

October 23. Budapest students meet to express sympathy for the new Polish Communist regime, which Khrushchev had tried to depose. "Freedom of speech," "freedom of worship," "we never shall be slaves," people cry. The unarmed demonstrators move on to Radio Budapest, where the police open fire. Rioting begins, revolt is on. By nightfall, Budapest's great Stalin statue is wrecked.

October 24. Ten thousand Soviet troops and tanks enter Budapest. They and police mow down demonstrators before the parliament. Fighting spreads all over the city. The Hungarian army gives the rebelling patriots arms. Communist Boss Erno Gero, who had called the Russians in, falls from power. Communist Imre Nagy becomes premier. The rebels demand that the Soviets get out.

October 25. Nagy says he will negotiate with Moscow to withdraw troops when order is restored. Janos Kadar, minister of interior during the Mindszenty trial, becomes Red party chief. Amid sporadic gunplay, patriots and Soviets dig in.

October 26. Fighting spreads to provinces.

October 27. Nagy superficially reshuffles his cabinet. This fails to placate rebels, who now are reported to hold all southwest Hungary.

October 28. Nagy says Russian troops will leave Budapest.

October 29. Russians refuse to leave until rebels lay down arms. The rebels refuse to lay down arms until Russians leave. Street fighting flares again. Then Russians break off fighting.

October 30. Major Soviet units start to leave Budapest. Rebels find themselves in command of city. Hungarian air force announces it will bomb

As the uprising begins, the hated symbols of Communism are first destroyed. Here the head of Josef Stalin, broken from a toppled statue, is spat upon in a Budapest street. Soon it was broken to pieces.

Soviet tanks unless they evacuate Budapest within 12 hours. Rebels attack Budapest security police headquarters and Communist party offices. Moscow says it will consider withdrawing troops from Hungary, Poland and Romania, after negotiations. Cardinal Mindszenty is liberated.

October 31. Soviet tank units continue to withdraw from Budapest. Rebels are full of victorious joy. Democratic political groups emerge. Nagy suggests Hungary may become a neutral state. Other government members press Soviets to leave all of Hungary. Soviet tanks dig in outside Budapest.

November 1. Russians reinforce their troops in Hungary. Nagy protests. He proclaims Hungarian neutrality and appeals to U.N. for protection.

November 2. More Soviet divisions pour in. Soviet tank forces seal off Austrian border.

November 3. Major General Pal Maleter, a hero of the revolt and the new Hungarian defense minister, opens negotiations with Soviet General Malinin on Soviet troop withdrawal.

November 4. The Soviets strike back. Hundreds of tanks thunder into Budapest. The Maleter mission has disappeared. Russians slaughter indiscriminately, shelling resistance pockets into submission and threatening to bomb Budapest unless rebels surrender. Cardinal Mindszenty takes refuge in the American legation, Nagy in the Yugoslav embassy. Kadar takes over as premier. Pattern of repression is re-established.

November 5. Rebel radio is able to broadcast only sporadically.

November 6. Rebel radio sends farewell messages.

November 7. Rebels attack Russians in Budapest. Soviet troops work from house to house. Last free radio goes off the air. Refugees stream into Austria.

November 8-10. Hungarian Communists admit their organization is in chaos. Fires rage in Budapest. Soviets loot the city and attempt to starve out any rebel fighters left alive.

November 11-15. Soviets conduct mass deportations of able-bodied Hungarians to Russian slave labor camps. General strike grips country. Resistance pockets remain in the provinces. Sporadic outbursts of fighting resume in Budapest until last citadel, on island in Danube, collapses.

November 16, 17. General strike continues. Kadar now threatens to withhold food from Budapest until it ends.

November 18. Ten thousand Hungarians are reported to have been deported to Russia.

November 19-21. Only about 25% of the strikers have returned to work. Budapest, hit by bitter cold, has only 1/7th the coal, 1/3rd the electricity it needs. Polio and jaundice are reported spreading.

November 22. General Ivan A. Serov, the head of Soviet Union's security police, is reported to have taken over in Budapest.

November 23. Ex-Premier Nagy leaves the Yugoslav embassy under a Communist-issued safe conduct and disappears. He is believed kidnaped by the Soviets.

November 24. Scattered fighting is continued in the provinces. Some Soviet soldiers defect. Others shoot at Hungarians fleeing into Austria.

November 25. Budapest Workers Council reportedly calls for a 24-hour halt in the strike since the Kadar regime has agreed to negotiate with it about the return of Nagy to the government and the withdrawal of Russian troops. Nagy is reported to be in Romania.

November 26. The number of refugees who have crossed into Austria approaches 80,000.

November 27. The workers slowly come back to their jobs.

November 28. Soviets press a nationwide round-up of patriots implicated in the revolt.

The magnificence of revolt

Hungary's fight for freedom, as the pictures in this book will show, was often ferocious. Revolutions are—including some that have nobly shaped the Western world. In revolution, the people's will emerges in twisted shape; it has too long been distorted to emerge otherwise; but it is magnificent nonetheless. And under Communism, revolution is necessarily the frenzied, last-ditch self-assertion of freedom by the weapons of force and fear which Communism understands.

The revolution in Hungary burst out all unplanned, all unaided. This was its elemental grandeur and its purity. It was also, at tragic last, its agonizing frailty. The Hungarian Communists were able to turn to the Soviets. The fighters for freedom had no one but themselves.

This record of the revolution is a story of glory—and a small, sorrowful memorial to the brave of Hungary. It is also more. It is a cry that the Hungarian vision so renew the love for liberty and the spirit of sacrifice that fighters for freedom, wherever they may rise, do not another time stand and die alone.

Wounded in the early fighting, a patriot is escorted to an aid station. At the right is the rebel headquarters, guarded by a Russian tank now taken over by the anti-Communists and flying rebel banners.





Here the odds of the impending struggle are stated: a long line of Soviet tanks rumbling mightily through an intersection, while a lone anti-Communist stands waiting, holding an old rifle with a makeshift sling.



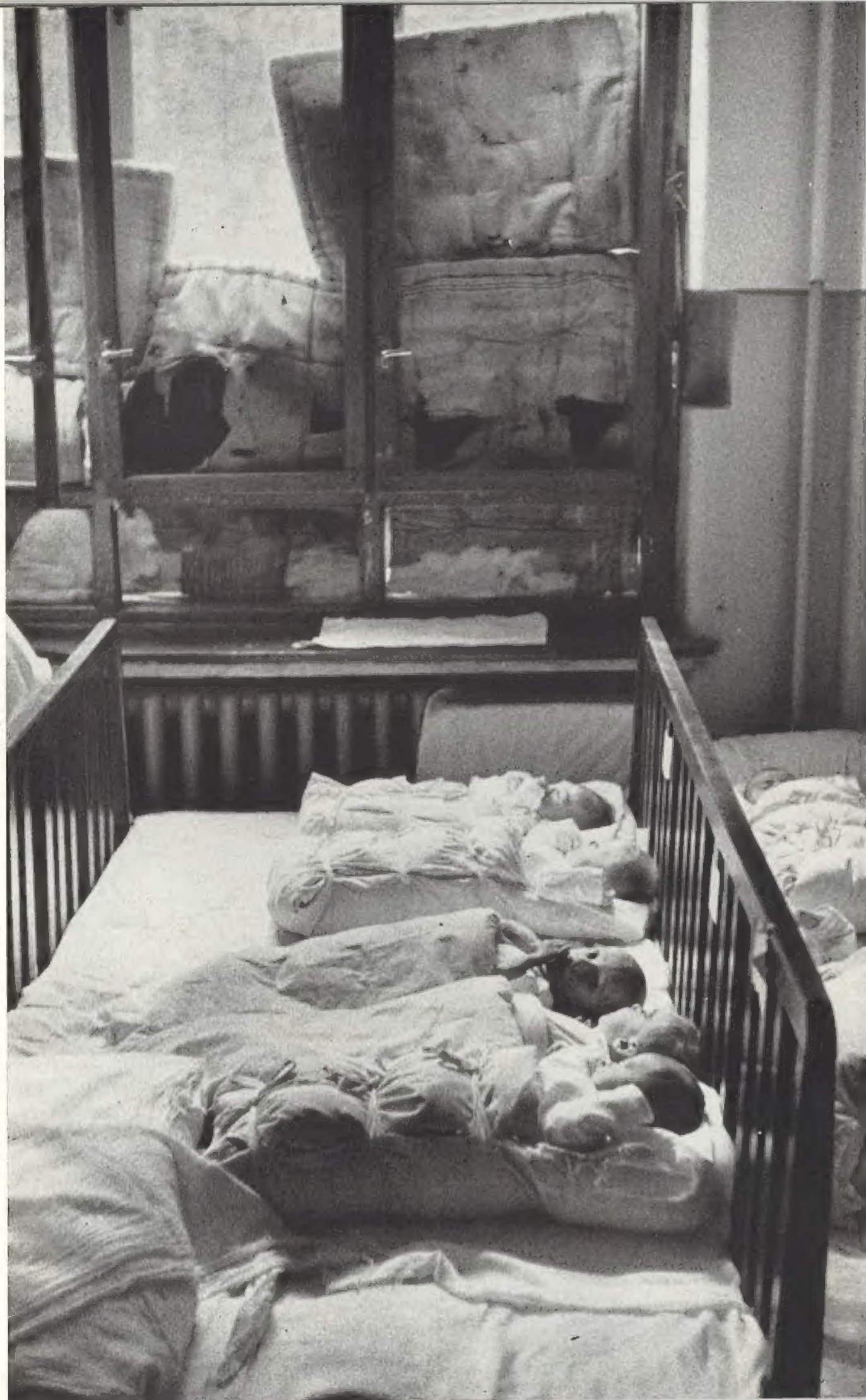
The resistance was loosely organized, small groups coming together in streets or stores and picking their own targets. Above, they fire at a Soviet observation plane, and at right engage Communists in a building across the street.





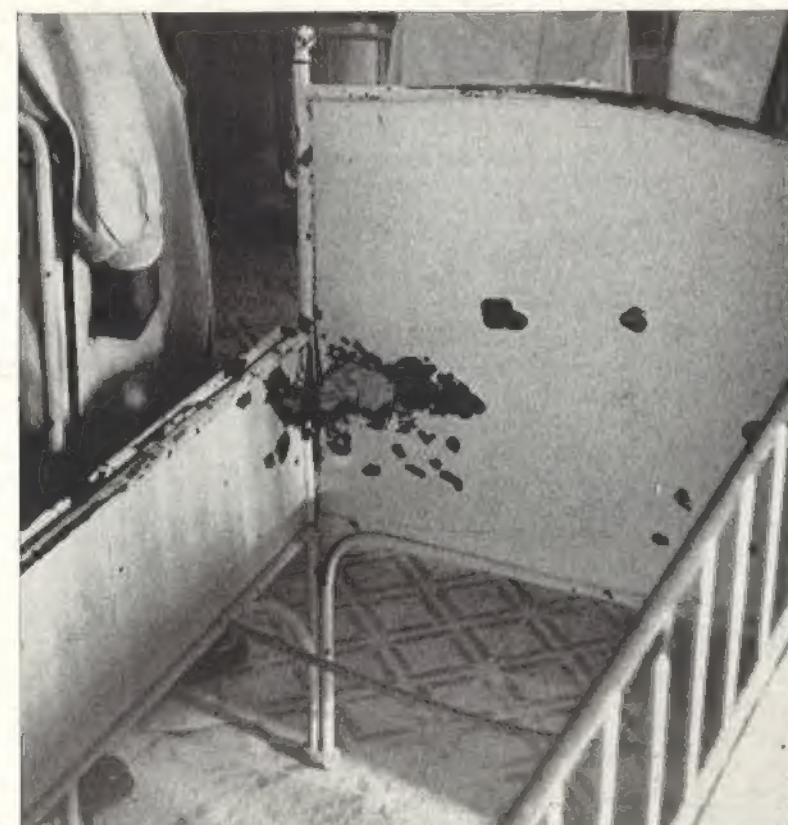
In a doorway, rebels use a machine gun against their enemies. At the right an anti-Communist rifleman cocks his gun to shoot at a Red-held building, while a watching crowd stands out of the line of fire.





Her arm smashed by Soviet gunfire and amputated at the shoulder by surgeons, a young girl lies dry-eyed in a hospital in Budapest.

In a children's ward a crib stands riddled by a burst of Russian bullets. At the left, babies lie in the relative safety of the hospital cellar.



THE MOST

Hungarian security police, hangmen of the nation,
receive their punishment at the patriots' hands

The fighting in Budapest had been directly set off by the Hungarian security police, the AVH, called "Avos" by the Hungarians. When demonstrators on Oct. 23 sent a delegation into the Radio Budapest station to ask that their demands be broadcast, the delegation was detained and the AVH opened fire on the unarmed crowd storming the station's doors. The next day, outside the parliament building in Budapest, the members of the AVH fired on an orderly demonstration. The Russian troops on hand joined in. There were a thousand casualties.

It happened again in the provinces. In the northwest, in the small town of Magyarovar, unarmed students and townspeople marched singing to the AVH headquarters. They asked that the Red emblems be taken down. The AVH killed 85. There was no peace in Magyarovar thereafter.

Such cold-blooded murder was characteristic of the AVH. Moscow-trained Communists had taken control of the Hungarian police soon after World War II. By summer, 1945, Red cops in the village of Gyömrő had shot 26 people without a trial. In the town of Kecskemet, the Communist police chief initiated a rule of terror against the populace. Democratic politicians in Budapest insisted that the police be held responsible for such crimes; the Communist leaders forbade it. After these test cases, there was no stopping the security police.

As they expanded the police organization, the Communists freely hired toughs from the former Hungarian Fascist Arrow Cross party. Their specialty was the staging of anti-Jewish riots. Criminals had their sentences suspended if they agreed to turn informer for the AVH. What happened to those who refused to become informers has been described by a Hungarian exile:

"I was shut into a dirty cellar full of lice. They left me there for six days without food and drink. . . . Then they led me into a certain room. I was thrown all around the room, kicked and beaten up and hit. . . . I was not beaten at night. I was beaten only during the daytime. My teeth were knocked out, my kidneys were beaten, my bladder was injured. . . . I will never be well."

Headquarters of terror

For years, the apex of the terror organization was in Budapest at Andrassy Ut 60, the headquarters building that the AVH had taken over from the Arrow Cross party. The longtime boss there, until he himself was purged in 1954, was Soviet-schooled General Gabor Peter. Under his aegis, Andrassy Ut 60 was the place where an endless parade of democratic politicians, writers, businessmen (including several Americans employed by U.S. companies operating in Hungary) and other oppositionists were "broken." General Peter prepared the "evidence" against Josef Cardinal Mindszenty as well as against the Hungarian "Titoists." He used all the techniques of terror and torture. Some victims had their fingernails torn out; others were drugged or alternately plunged into baths of ice-cold and boiling-hot water. Where Peter's own talents failed, he had a staff of Soviet advisers to help him. All important cases were discussed with them.

From Andrassy Ut 60, about 50,000 men and women members of the AVH fanned out all over the country. They were the enforcement arm of the Communist surveillance system that blanketed every aspect of public and private life. The agencies employed in this job were numerous and vast. The

HATED OF MEN

Communist party had its own informer network, served by perhaps 70-80,000 people. Hungarian army intelligence branched out into investigations far beyond the purely military preserve. There was a nationwide organization of "social controllers," who reported on the happenings in their neighborhoods in the towns and villages. In city apartment houses janitors and "tenants' committees" recorded the comings and goings and conversations of the residents. Finally, there were 27,000 ironically named "peace committees" in Hungary, whose principal task it was to spy—on farms and factories, in schools, offices, restaurants, everywhere. The enormous mass of information that all these espionage services produced was handed over to the AVH.

The AVH in its turn made the arrests from which there was no appeal. People could be arrested for an innocent remark to a stranger, for reading the wrong books, for dressing too well, for being friends of "class enemies," for listening to foreign broadcasts, for simply having "wrong" attitudes. No Hungarian was safe from what the people came to call *csengőfrasz*—"bell fever"—the dread of the ring of the police at the door in the middle of the night.

Competition for arrests

If not enough "class enemies," "spies" and "saboteurs" were discovered, the AVH police headquarters would sponsor police efficiency competitions. That is, they would reward policemen by the number of arrests they made and punish those whose quota of arrests fell too low. The same procedure was followed with Red informers. Among the groups riddled with informants, meetings dedicated to "revolutionary vigilance" were sponsored. There Hungarian after Hungarian was compelled to get up and denounce his colleagues at work, his friends, his neighbors. It provided new material for new arrests by the insatiable AVH.

The common citizens of Hungary were not alone in their fear of AVH oppression. Many of the police informants hated their work and were bitterly

ashamed that they had to do it or perish. Often these spies told their intended victims what they had to do; they asked them to help write out reports that would not attack the victim enough to hurt him, yet would also show that the informant was on his toes. When such instances of collusion were discovered, as they often were, the AVH was especially merciless.

As the AVH gathered in its victims, it established 100-odd concentration camps in Hungary. Estimates of the numbers of concentration-camp inmates in a single year have run as high as 75,000. The number of Hungarian citizens forced into factory and farm work not of their own choosing by security police orders may have been as high as 200,000. Most painful of all to the Hungarians as a whole, the AVH transferred at least 75,000 people from one part of Hungary to another, and deported some 40,000 to the Soviet Union.

Fury of a nation

Thus the vast majority of Hungarians had felt the iron hand of the AVH in their own families, or had lost friends or relatives forever through its depredations. Almost all saw in the AVH personnel the worst types of traitors to their own people. The Hungarians hated the Russian occupiers, but they hated even more the AVH, under whose terror they lived every day.

It was no wonder that the Hungarian rebels again and again called for dissolution of the AVH and the punishment of its members.

It was no wonder, either, that the AVH defied the Communist regime with the ruthlessness of men fighting for their lives. They knew that they could expect no mercy from the people. And the people, as they progressed from the first chaotic stage of street fighting to more systematic organization, began to hunt the AVH down.

The photographs and narrative on the following pages show the vengeance taken on the AVH in Magyarovar and in Budapest.



Massacre at Magyarovar

In the town of Magyarovar, grief-stricken Hungarians mourn over the bodies of relatives and friends. Eighty-five of them were not killed by security police. Their crime: asking that Soviet troops be removed from the LVM building.

'The people ... buried their dead'

Rolf Gillhausen, a German news photographer, was helped by rebels to get this story of the massacre which occurred Oct. 26 in the border town of Magyarovar.

I reached the Hungarian border at dawn after a night's drive from Munich via Vienna. Hungarian border-command soldiers told me with revulsion what had happened the day before at Magyarovar, a small city 17 kilometers from the border: AVH men had shot into an unarmed crowd which had not demanded anything but removal of Soviet emblems from AVH headquarters. Eighty-five dead young men, women, children—still remained in front of AVH barracks. Most of the AVH men had fled but some had been captured.

The soldiers who told me of this helped me to get across the border in my car without a passport or visa. They wanted me to go to Magyarovar to report AVH's atrocities.

Silent and grieving men led me to the dead, who lay in waxy stiffness, piled upon the floors of the chapel and mortuary of the cemetery. I was to see all of this unbelievable scene which so eloquently expresses the Communist concept that human life does not count where ideology is concerned.

I talked to many people, to men and women, to relatives of those killed in the massacre. Everywhere I could feel the deep hatred against the Communist dictatorship and its executioners. One of the AVH officers, who was imprisoned in the city hall, apparently anticipated his death sentence. He tried to escape by jumping out of the window. But the people killed him on the spot. Another AVH man who had also been taken prisoner was recognized as the supply officer and released when it had been determined that he could not possibly have played a part in the massacre.

Next day the people of Magyarovar buried their dead. While the survivors mourned their dead the executed security policemen were dumped in a ditch behind the cemetery.

I shall never forget what I saw here. It was pure horror. It was as if the world must come to a standstill at the sight of the corpses at Magyarovar.

In the faces of these people at a mass burial after the massacre at Magyarovar is summed up the pure, distilled product of a decade of Communist rule.





Captured, one of the security police responsible for the massacre sits quietly under guard. Presently he leaped out of the window and tried to escape but was caught by anti-Communists outside and trampled to death.





'The fighting

To accompany these pictures Photographer John Sadovy gives this account of the bitter fight around a Communist party headquarters in Budapest when the rebels stormed it.

We came to a square with a park in the center of it. We heard shooting, and then we saw a tank facing a big building on the square. It was held by the security police, who were firing from the windows.

My first instinct was to get behind the tank. It would give us some shelter and I would be close enough to photograph the action. Halfway to the tank we found ourselves in the open park. Bullets began zinging past our ears. We fell flat on our faces. I tried to hide behind a young tree. I wished my



In a bullet-swept park, unorganized and untrained stretcher-bearers show their compassion and courage. During the battle for the security police building, which fronts on the park, a white-coated rescuer crawls out

really began to flare up'

tree was bigger and I tried to make myself smaller. I started to crawl back through the park until I got to a shed and some bushes which provided cover.

The fighting really began to flare up. People were dropping like flies. White-coated first-aid people, mostly women, were coming and going in private cars to collect the wounded. Then I noticed the first-aid women were being shot too. Youngsters—15, 16 and 17 years old—took over from the women. I saw a kid running bent double, with no protection at all, to drag a wounded man to shelter. I saw one of these boys get hit. His partner dragged the loaded stretcher back with one end on the ground.

A truck arrived with ammunition for the tank. There was a scramble to carry the heavy shells—two

or three people carrying one shell. They were like starving people scrambling for bread.

Suddenly we saw a scurry of people. Then a tank, another tank—five in a row altogether—flying Hungarian flags. Two of the tanks turned right when they had crossed in front of the AVH building. Three continued on. Then there was a dead silence. A fantastic suspense. Four or five minutes went by. As the three tanks came on down the square a mass of people tore off. They thought the tanks might have come to help the security police. A rescue worker pulled at me, saying, "Don't run now. It's too late." She dragged me behind a car.

One of the tanks kept turning its turret in full circle, very slowly, and every so often I would be



into the open and tries to carry off a wounded patriot. Hit himself, he falls and lies in pain while others save the wounded man. Then, heedless of the heavy fire from the police building, they return for him.

looking straight into the barrel of its gun. They were rebel tanks. One fired at the building.

The rebels began to move closer to the building. You would see three and four men lined up behind a tree. Look again and the men were four bodies on the ground. A child couldn't hide behind those trees. I managed to get in front of the tank that was firing. The heat of its gun going off was unpleasant. It was like opening the door of a hot oven.

After a bit I heard the noise of people running in the street on the far side of the AVH building, running toward the building. Now they were closing in fast. We met another group led by a man carrying a huge flag. "Come on, come on, it's ours," he shouted.

Other groups of rebels were coming in from the side, screaming and going into the building. There was only occasional machine-gun fire from the top floor, but people were still being careful. At the front of the building there were 30 to 40 dead. They were lying in a line. As one had been hit the man behind had taken his place—and died. It was like a potato field, only they were people instead of potatoes.

Now the AVH men began to come out. The first to emerge from the building was an officer, alone.

It was the fastest killing I ever saw. He came out laughing and the next thing I knew he was flat on the ground. It didn't dawn on me that this guy was shot. He just fell down, I thought.

Then the rebels brought out a good-looking officer. His face was white. He got five yards, retreated, argued. Then he folded up. It was over with him.

Six young policemen came out, one very good-looking. Their shoulder boards were torn off. Quick argument. We're not so bad as you think we are, give us a chance, they said. I was three feet from that group. Suddenly one began to fold. They must have been close to his ribs when they fired. They all went down like corn that had been cut. Very gracefully.

Another came out, running. He saw his friends dead, turned, headed into the crowd. The rebels dragged him out. I had time to take one picture of him and he was down. Then my nerves went. Tears started to come down my cheeks. I had spent three years in the war, but nothing I saw then compared with the horror of this.

I could see the impact of bullets on clothes. There was not much noise. They were shooting so close that the man's body acted as a silencer.

They brought out a woman and a man from the building. Her face was white. She looked left and right at the bodies that were spread all over. Suddenly a man came up and walloped her with a rifle

Taking cover behind a tank manned by fellow patriots, stretcher-bearers peer out into the smoke for casualties. At close range, the tank pounds the building where scores of security police are living the last moments of their lives.



butt. Another pulled her hair, kicked her. She half fell down. They kicked her some more. I thought, that's the end of that woman. But in a few moments she was up, pleading. Some of the rebels decided to put her in a bus which was standing nearby, though there were shouts of "No prisoners, no prisoners!" As far as I know she is still alive.

There was still shooting inside the building. Occasionally a small group would come out. One man got as far as the park, which was a long way, but there he was finished. Two more came, one a high-ranking officer. His bleeding body was hung by his feet from a tree and women came up to spit on him.

Then came a last scuffle at the building entrance.

They brought out a little boy. They were carrying him on their shoulders. He was about five years old, with a sweet face, looking left and right. There were shouts: "Don't kill him, save him!" He was the son of one of the AVH officers from inside the building. To see this little face after what you'd seen a minute ago brought you back to reality. These were still people. It had been a bad dream and he woke you up.

Going back through the park, I saw women looking for their men among the bodies on the ground. I sat down on a tree trunk. My knees were beginning to give in. It was from the weight of it. Like carrying something I couldn't carry any more. In some way one is responsible for what other humans do.



In a climactic assault, the rebels storm the building behind a tank. The assault having succeeded, a flag bearer at the top triumphantly signals that the building has been taken and the police are ready to come out.



Forced out of AVH building by besiegers who have captured it, a security policeman falls riddled in the doorway, his face calm and his eyes still open, while a patriot reloads his rifle.



A terrible justice now overtakes the security police. One is shot to death almost at once. Another, at left, is forced to take a few halting steps across the street before a storm of bullets cuts him down.



Crowded against a wall near their fallen building, Hungarian security police face their captors. These men had chosen to live by the sword. To them torture and death had long been a way of life.



After protesting their innocence for a few moments, the police are shot at a range of only three feet. In a last instinctive gesture, they try to ward off the bullets with their upraised hands.



Crumpling, the security policemen topple to the rubble-strewn sidewalk. All are killed except the man at upper right, who stands outside the line of fire shouting that he is really not a bad fellow.





Dragged from the security police building, a woman collaborator is manhandled by the crowd. Although the furious patriots were not disposed to take prisoners, they relented in her case and did not kill her.



At the left, the security policeman who has momentarily managed to escape death continues to cry out, a mixture of terror and ingratiating on his face. In another instant the rifle butt has smashed his skull.

Also spared by the patriots is a small boy, son of one of the security police in the besieged building. Seizing him, the crowd passes him from shoulder to shoulder until he is out of harm's way.



In unrelenting rage, a woman splits on the body of a colonel of the Red security police who has been beaten to death. Then she glanced up, turned to the photographer and said, "They killed our children."



THE TIME OF REBEL TRIUMPH

As Soviets leave Budapest, the amazed patriots regain their freedom but fear that it will not last

After a week of battle, the rebels awoke to a wild surprise. Not only was the hated AVH apparently broken, the mighty Soviets were in the process of retreating from Budapest and they were passive in the country. Was it all over?

The weary rebels hoped so, but they could not tell. The struggle had been utterly bewildering. One day, for example, Russian and Hungarian tanks had sat at either end of a Budapest bridge without firing at each other. Back and forth, between the hostile tanks, noncombatants went their way on errands. But only half a mile away, 400 Hungarian boys, workers and students were barricaded in a barracks, firing at the shell-slinging Russian tanks and self-propelled guns. All along the city streets people picked their way, leading their children, carrying shopping bags. When shooting started they ducked into doorways, waited until it subsided and went their way.

The Russian enigma

The behavior of the Russians had been especially puzzling. Their forces in Budapest had seemed adequate to crush the rebel partisans. The vast bulk of the Russian troops showed no signs of fear or panic, although they were undoubtedly not prepared for the extent of the uprising. Where they fought, they fought fiercely. They took their casualties in men and matériel with the customary Russian indifference to loss.

Yet the Russians had chosen to commit only a small percentage of their forces to fight against the resistance. Apparently they wanted to make an example of these rebel units and subdue the rest by the threat of similar reprisals. For several days, though

small tank forces were still battling resistance pockets elsewhere in town, the main force of Russian armor was dug in along the Danube embankment. When the Russians withdrew from Budapest, they were scarred but far from crushed and they calmly took up new defensive positions. What did it mean?

Amid the confusion two things were clear: the spectacular, surging ascent of the liberty-loving Hungarian people and the sickly collapse of the Soviet-inflated Hungarian Communist party.

The rebel mobilization had been almost unwitting. On the first day, some hundreds of patriots had suddenly found themselves together, meaning only to protest. When they were fired on, they discovered a common readiness to fight. The example of the untrained civilians impressed the Hungarian army, many of whose units either actively joined the revolution or left it alone. Even some Soviet soldiers were sufficiently moved to desert.

Their early successes—both military, as they won local battles, and political, as the Communist government offered concessions—brought the rebels still more recruits. As the struggle spread, more and more volunteers flocked to the freedom forces, wherever they were. A vast scattering of on-the-spot fighting squads blanketed the land. A people had cracked the shackles of fear and terror; it had rediscovered itself and its strength.

The most amazing element of the freedom forces was the youth of Hungary, boys and girls in their teens and early 20s. During all their formative years they had been incessantly subjected to Red indoctrination and Red discipline. They had heard traditional values reviled by their Red instructors. Nevertheless when battle came Hungary's youth turned the tide. They threw Molotov cocktails on the Soviet

tanks. They fought their way from house to house. They held out to the last in besieged positions. And in proving that Hungarian national pride had survived a decade of Communism, they also proved that Red indoctrination anywhere may evaporate before a clear call for freedom.

On the other hand, the Communist party had wavered. In the first rush of hostilities, it yielded to the rebel demand that Imre Nagy—who was identified with the more "liberal" Communist line—be appointed premier. Nagy himself vacillated hopelessly between threats against the "counterrevolutionaries" and pathetic pleas for order. Deadlines for amnesties were proclaimed time and again, with no takers. Then Nagy reversed himself and declared that there was no "counterrevolution" at all. He promised everything the rebels asked: withdrawal of Soviet troops, abolition of the AVH, free elections, more housing, better wages, reform in industry and agriculture, democratic rights. (Later Nagy even denounced the 1955 Warsaw Pact, which links the satellite empire with Russia, and desperately declared Hungarian neutrality.) The Communist newspaper *Szabad Nep* wound up by extolling the "heroic freedom fight of the Hungarian people."

The Communist collapse

Their attempt to identify themselves with the revolution showed that the Communists had lost their own following. Privately, the Communists confessed that in a free election their party would not poll 10%. Many party members went into frightened hiding, others humbly begged the freedom forces for clemency.

Then the unreality began again.

The rebel forces, recently assembled and loosely organized in local units, had no real leadership. The three non-Communist parties that had been suppressed for many years—the Smallholders, the Social Democrats and the National Peasants—emerged in tentative, fragmentary form. They began to publish newspapers which supported the general revolution-

ary demands and took up the cry for free elections. But there had been neither time nor opportunity for the non-Communists to organize a cabinet, let alone the extensive administrative corps that they would need to run Hungary.

As a result, the hapless Imre Nagy still held the reins of what government was left. Nagy's position was enigmatic. He had been a Communist all his adult life, yet he had retained some respect in non-Communist circles for his apparent reasonableness. He had lost his party jobs during the Titoist purges, but had not been arrested. He was remembered, from his premiership during 1953-55, as an improvement over Rakosi. During the revolt he had at first denounced the freedom forces who backed him, then he had made perhaps the most extraordinary concessions ever heard from a Communist. Where did he stand?

The rebels' quandary

No matter where Nagy stood, the rebels had to put up with him. By now they actually wanted much more than the reform of Communism. They wanted the abolition of Communism. But until they had a better political organization, Nagy seemed to be the only man who could carry out their immediate demands for domestic improvement.

Even more important, the rebels knew that a full-scale Russian offensive would crush them. Soviet First Deputy Premier Anastas I. Mikoyan had been reported nervously shuttling back and forth between Budapest and Moscow, apparently trying to set the course of Soviet strategy. The rebels' best hope was that the Soviets really would negotiate their troop withdrawal, as they had suggested they would. Nagy, the man somewhere in between the freedom forces and the diehard Communists, was the best Hungarian available for the negotiations. So the anti-Communists cooperated with Nagy—and waited.

The next 14 pages of photographs show the sight of Budapest in the fateful interim between hope and despair.



'Their first taste of victory'

LIFE Correspondent Timothy Foote describes Budapest on Oct. 30 and 31 when, for a brief moment, the rebellion seemed to have succeeded.

During the night of Oct. 29 the Russian forces, which had been engaged in a bitter local action against the rebels in a 15-block area of southeast Budapest, pulled out leaving their dead behind them. The main Russian tank force along the Danube was still quietly in place, but rumors said it would quit the city in a matter of hours. During the fighting it had been difficult to find out what was going on. But Tuesday morning the tired rebels got their first real taste of victory. Accompanied by thousands of citizens from all over the city they inspected the damage (*next page*).

Under a wan October sun the quarter showed the ravages of full-scale war. Streets were choked with rubble from houses smashed by Soviet tank fire. Russian dead in scores lay in grotesque postures beside burned-out tanks, armored cars, trucks and self-propelled guns. Men in white coats moved from corpse to corpse sprinkling snow-white lime, which lent the faces of the dead a cold, statue-like beauty. Small boys collected bullets.

A man carrying a paint pot went from tank to tank decorating each with the shield of Louis Kosuth (the Hungarian emblem reinstated since rebellion as a symbol of freedom). Rebel fighters stopped cyclists and cars to check identification or moved off in trucks to fight against remaining pockets of hated AVH. Despite smashed windows, stores had not been looted. At one corner rebels had placed a captured antitank gun to command the street. The gunner had hung on its barrel a sign from a nearby theater: "Special Attraction Held over Three Days."

But most folk wandered the streets wonderingly, as if unable to believe they had driven the enemy away. We understood fully for the first time that the rebellion was not only the work of impassioned students and diehard workers, but had come from deep feeling and solidarity. Though only small numbers actually fought, it was a classical revolution. It spoke of unimaginable desperation and courage that handfuls of ill-armed youngsters and workers could do this to the Russians.

Despite the destruction most faces were bright and, as we passed, the people waved with gestures of

victory. They shouted, "Russki," pointing to the tanks and bodies, or, "Stalin," pointing to crushed Marxist books and pamphlets. Their voices when referring to Russians carried merely hatred of barbarians. But when they showed relics of Hungarian AVH dead they gritted out the word "Avo."

Everyone was eager to show us—"The Americans" what happened, proudly explaining how tanks were destroyed by drawing fire toward upper windows while youngsters dashed in and flung Molotov cocktails or sloshed gasoline. Again and again they asked if arms would come from America, and begged us to tell what they had done. They were proud of success but knew always that the return of the Russians would mean death for everyone.

By nightfall Tuesday the Russian departure was confirmed. The outlandish gamble of the rebels had succeeded beyond all reason. Late in the night from our hotel room on the Danube we listened to the Russian tanks and troops pulling out. Along the *quai* visible from our window, convoys of six trucks with a tank fore and aft shuttled soldiers and equipment away. They were still passing at daybreak, officers standing up in turrets and ignoring the curious stares of folk who climbed to the railing along the river to watch the exodus.

By morning the city throbbed with happy rumors despite fighting against AVH pockets. Cardinal Mindszenty had been freed. Red stars and Russian relics were tumbling all over town. Church bells were ringing in Budapest. Across the river high on Gellert Hill, which dominates the city, antlike human figures began swarming around the foot of a graceful statue of a woman with upraised arms—the symbol of freedom. About 150 feet high, the monument was built by Sculptor Zsigmond Kisfaludy-Strobl, who in 1946 added a big, bronze figure of a Red army soldier to the original conception. Soon lines appeared leading from the soldier to the crowd. Hauling like Egyptian slaves moving giant blocks, the people of Budapest slowly rocked the statue back and forth. Suddenly, just at noon, the Soviet soldier fell forward on his face. A moment later a faint cheer floated across the Danube. I turned to check my information about the statue with a Hungarian who spoke English. "It's a statue to freedom flanked by a Soviet soldier?" I asked. "Flanked by a Soviet soldier there is no freedom," he said.

In the strange stillness after battle, the hull of a Soviet tank lies in a Budapest intersection, its turret blown off and its mechanism scattered on the cobblestones like fragments of a squashed insect.





Dusted with lime, a Russian tankman lies where he met his death, while nearby rests the body of a Hungarian patriot on whose breast some countryman has carefully placed a garland of autumn leaves.





Searching for her missing husband, father of her three children, a woman of Budapest stands aside in apprehension while a friend lifts the covering from the face of a dead patriot. It was her husband.



In the debris-choked streets the people try to pick up the pieces of their lives. A shopkeeper starts to sweep out the front of her wrecked—but not looted—store and a mother takes her child to market.



While rebel soldiers repair what is salvageable, the people paw over ruined Russian equipment, awed by the realization that they faced up to it in battle and somehow captured or smashed it.



Among the few buildings that are looted after the battle are the "cultural centers" of the Communist party, from which tons of books, pamphlets and pictures are carried out and thrown upon bonfires in the streets.





From a building in Budapest flies the flag of temporarily free Hungary, a hole in its center where the hated red star has been cut out of it.



More red stars, ripped from their former places of honor and thrown into the street, are gleefully broken to pieces by rebel soldiers.

In the city hall at Gyor, a center of patriotic resistance in northwest Hungary, anti-Communists climb to remove the portrait of Lenin.





Fatigued but firm of countenance after his liberation from Communist imprisonment, Cardinal Mindszenty returns to his palace in Budapest and is greeted by Catholic lay leaders. He gives the city his apostolic blessing and

A symbol of faith emerges

As the symbols of Communist tyranny tumbled into the fires of Budapest, the living symbol of an older Hungary emerged from almost eight years of Red imprisonment. Four young Hungarian officers had raced to his quarters near Retsag, outside the city, and persuaded guards to free Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, archbishop of Esztergom and primate of Hungary. Next morning, while church bells pealed in joy, the 64-year-old priest drove to his palace.

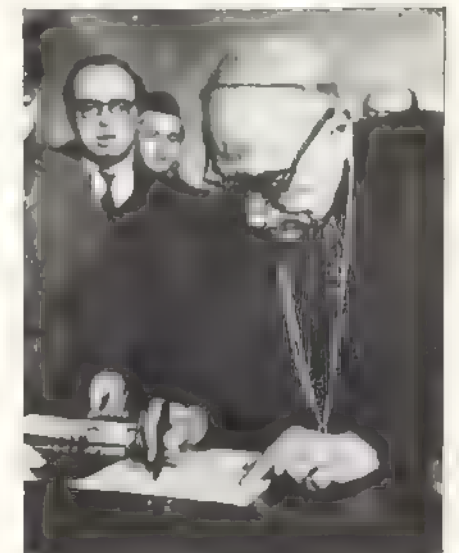
Hungarians, over 65% of them Roman Catholic, had last seen Cardinal Mindszenty, an exhausted

and worn man, slumped on a bench in a Red court. Seeing him now after his terrible ordeal, his friends asked if he was in good health. "I've been very sick for a long time," he said, "but today I am well."

He had opposed the Reds in 1919 and gone to jail. He had opposed Nazi persecution of the Jews in 1944 and gone to jail again. Now he cried, "The Hungarian people are waiting for the world, especially the big powers . . . to stand up. . . ." Then as Soviet tanks rumbled back into town, the cardinal asked and received asylum in the U.S. Legation.



writes out a certificate of merit for one of the Hungarian officers who had rescued him. A few days later, having by that time been obliged to take refuge in the American Legation, the cardinal says a public Mass.





After blessing visitors in the courtyard of his palace, Cardinal Mindszenty crosses his balcony and wearily goes indoors. The walls of the building were pitted by gunfire in World War II and have remained unrepaired.



On Oct. 31, the day after the liberation of Cardinal Mindszenty, the uprising reaches its zenith. Pulled down by cables, the statue of a Soviet soldier guarding the monument to freedom on Gellert Hill in Budapest, tilts and then topples.

THE MURDER OF A COUNTRY

Massed Soviet forces return to destroy the patriots, deport them to slavery and drive them into exile

The Russians made their terrible decision. On Nov. 1 and 2, Hungarian apprehension grew. Free radio stations in half a dozen places chattered about Russian reinforcements coming in from Romania and from the Soviet Ukraine. People in Budapest heard that Russian units had seized the city's outlying airport. Premier Imre Nagy appealed to the U.N. to protect the country. The Hungarian army posted tanks to defend the approaches to Budapest. Some free radios spoke of more Russians arriving from Czechoslovakia, others reported Russian-Hungarian clashes at the eastern border. Nagy protested these developments to the Soviet ambassador, Yuri Andropov.

Nov. 3 was a day of strange suspense. A report had it that Nagy and the Soviet ambassador had agreed on the formation of mixed Hungarian-Soviet commissions to oversee the Russian evacuation. The triumph of the rebels seemed nearer as Nagy appointed nine non-Communists to his 12-man cabinet. Then a Hungarian military mission, headed by a ranking Hungarian officer who had gone over to the rebels, sat down with the Soviets to help plan their withdrawal. The Hungarians were not heard from again.

'Any news about help?'

In the early-morning hours of Sunday Nov. 4, massive Russian tank and artillery forces—their arrival in Hungary now fearfully confirmed—smashed into Budapest and into the provincial strongholds of the freedom fighters. A Budapest teletype message said: "Russian MiG fighters are over Budapest. . . . The Russian infantry division is going toward the parliament. . . . Győr is completely surrounded.

. . . Pécs was attacked. . . . We shall die for Hungary and Europe. . . . Any news about help? Quickly, quickly, quickly. . . ." Nagy himself took to the radio to make an impassioned appeal to the U.N. and its Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld.

Within hours Nagy was deposed. János Kádár took over the government. This tough Communist had been jailed and tortured during Hungary's anti-Tito campaign. He had been released under de-Stalinization. Somehow his readiness to serve Moscow had remained unimpaired.

By noon of Nov. 4, Soviet tanks had occupied all the important intersections of Budapest. One tank was stationed at each corner, firing down the street whenever a Hungarian appeared. More of the MiGs screamed over the city. The artillery slammed salvo after salvo into the resistance pockets. Buildings went up in flames. Wreckage choked the streets. Smoke and the stench of death poisoned the air.

No thought of surrender

The rebels never thought of surrender. If anything, they were bolder and stronger than when the Soviets had left. People who had remained aloof from the first fight now aided the rebels. Every frantic and ingenious expedient of defense was used. Dinner plates were laid across the streets to simulate mines and deceive the Russian tanks into stopping so that they could be picked off with Molotov cocktails. Barricades of cobblestones were heaped up and topped with the pictures and statues of Communist leaders; the rebels wanted the Russians to have to destroy their own idols as they advanced. Budapest's city blocks became fortresses. In the blocks of houses, the walls between cellars were knocked out

so that the resistance fighters could move underground from point to point.

Soviet infantry arrived in Budapest under cover of Soviet tanks. As tanks and artillery had killed thousands, indiscriminately, the infantry went from house to house, wiping out the patriots systematically. En route, the Russians found time for looting and arson. They re-equipped the reconstituted remnants of the AVH and turned them loose. Against these odds, the Hungarians had no chance.

It was the same in the provinces. Strong Russian forces had sealed off the border—and the escape route to Austria. Others encircled units of the Hungarian army and the freedom forces in their rural strongholds. At the town of Magyaróvár, where the Hungarians relentlessly had taken their vengeance on the AVH, the Russians mowed down whomever they found. At Dunapentele, they bombed the hospitals. The local radio called out: "We are being inundated by tanks and planes. We appeal to President Eisenhower for assistance. . . ." A little while later, Dunapentele fell.

When the tide of battle had turned, the Kádár regime asked the Hungarian nation to welcome "the soldiers of the Russian army who have helped us overcome the counterrevolution of the reactionaries." This Russian help included the public hanging of rebels from the Danube bridges in Budapest. The Russians stuffed money in the corpses' mouths and placed signs across their bodies, reading, "These men fought for capitalists." The Kádár regime also asked the Russians for relief supplies. Meanwhile the Russian military forces at the Austrian border refused to let well-equipped Italian, Danish and Austrian welfare teams come into Hungary.

Passive resistance

Sporadic fighting all over the country continued, but the freedom forces now changed their main tactics to passive resistance. They simply refused to go back to work. The Russians tried to starve them out and they went hungry, but they still held fast. The

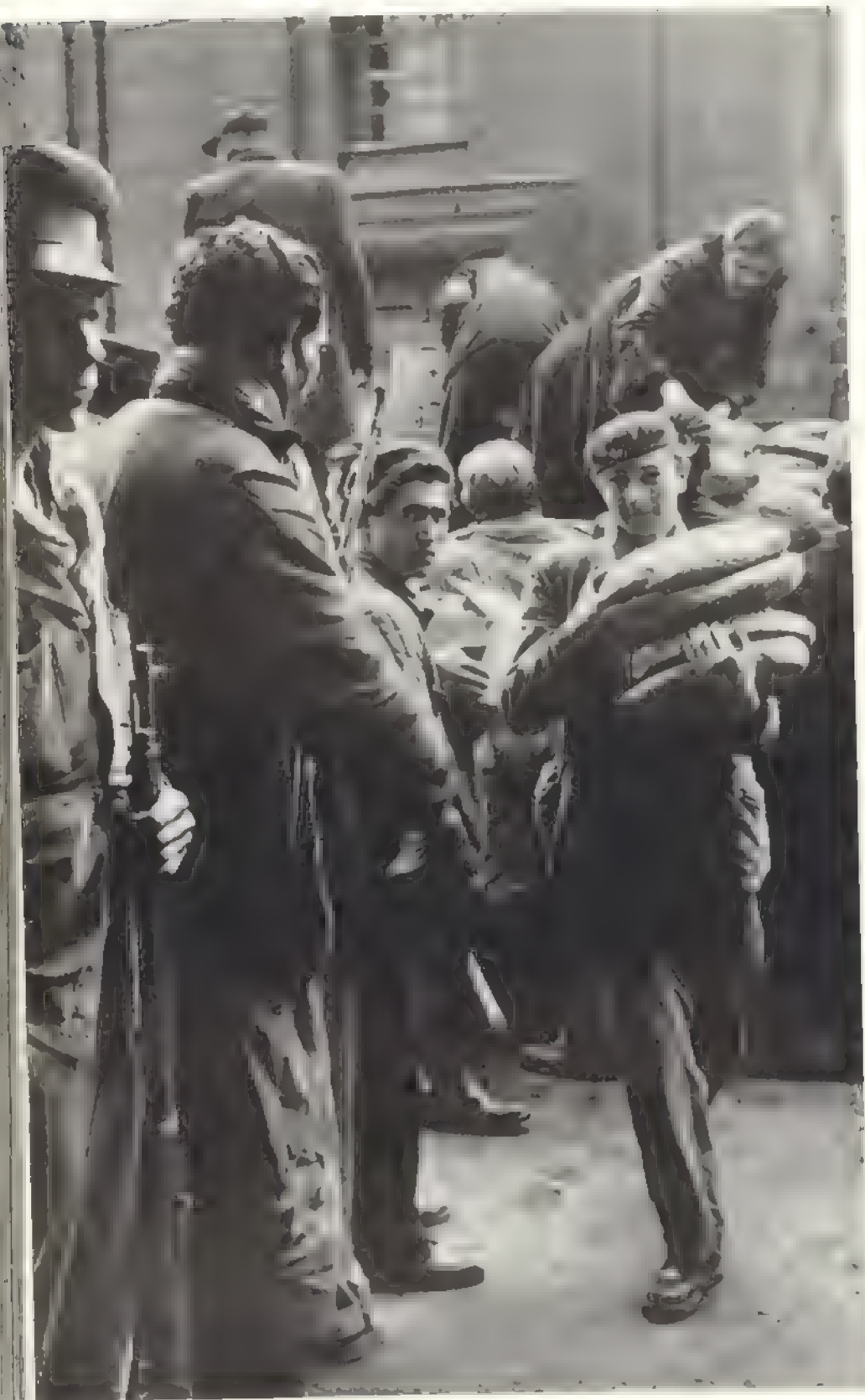
government went on the radio again. As Nagy had pleaded with the patriots to lay down their arms, Kádár begged them to return to work. For a long time he found few takers. He could not even find many Hungarians to help him to run his own newly constituted government.

The man who really seemed to be running Hungary now was General Ivan Serov, the chief of the Soviet secret police. The Russians used a new weapon to break the general strike: mass deportation of Hungarians to slave labor in the Soviet Union. In one week, perhaps 10,000 Hungarians were deported. The Russians were not always successful. At one railroad station a surviving band of rebels freed 1,000 Hungarians destined for Russia.

Dragnet and deportation

As the Russians tightened their nationwide dragnet for everybody who had in any way been engaged in the fight for freedom, a ragged, desperate stream of Hungarian refugees poured toward the Austrian border. Sometimes the Russians indifferently shot them down. At other times, in unaccountable Soviet caprice, they let them go. By the end of November, the total number of refugees swarming into Austria was approaching 100,000. The rest of the Hungarian people silently awaited their fate in their own country.

Why had the Russians reverted to the most savage Stalinism? The answer was not far to seek. De-Stalinization had failed in Hungary. As soon as the Hungarians got a chance to protest within the framework of the Communist system, their protests swelled to a demand for the abolition of Communism itself. If the Russians had let the Hungarians win, the victory would have encouraged every other Eastern European satellite of Russia to revolt and throw the Russians out. Communism in Russia itself would have been discredited, defeated. To forestall this, to give a massive warning to all its restive captive peoples, the Kremlin made a horrible example of the Hungarians.



With food growing scarce in Budapest, the people queue up patiently in long breadlines. Carrying home the big loaves, they walk past the unburied dead who still lie scattered throughout the wrecked city.



For these rebels making life hard in the street, death is no longer a possibility but has become almost a certainty. Their opinion of death and of the oncoming Russian soldiers may be seen in their faces.



'The Russians are coming! . . .'

A 17-year-old Hungarian boy tells of three fearful days of fighting after the Russians returned to Budapest. His diary was obtained by European Correspondent Seymour Freidin.

SUNDAY NOV. 4

We were now about 140. We lost to death and wounds 40 of our comrades. Most of us were uneasy. While we talked we also looked over places we defended and would defend again.

The cellars contained ammunition we needed. We didn't have much food. I thought about how my mother used to complain when I had less than eight hours sleep. I don't think I had that much all week.

We tried to see that the kids [those in early teens and below teens] got some sleep. We tried to send them home, but they wouldn't go.

I was finished checking guns and ammunition among my friends when the girl we had listening to the radio ran out.

"The Russians are coming," she yelled. "Our people are betrayed."

We all looked at her. I think everyone knew in a way this would happen. Someone cursed. Then he apologized to the girl.

We got our guns and bottles ready. There were almost enough rifles or submachine guns for one out of three. We were not well armed. We had to ration our grenades.

We heard the Soviet tanks coming over bridges and down the main streets. We heard them open up. We knew they'd be at us soon. Our Soviet comrades were back to finish their jobs of murdering.

I prayed that I would get at least six before I



Aware that the Russians have regrouped their forces outside the city and are now about to return, patriots, armed with an assortment of weapons and grenades, take up their positions for the final struggle.

went. It was a long time since I'd prayed. You don't get to pray in a Young Communist organization.

Then they opened up on us. Some of my friends and I were behind burned-out trucks and a wrecked Russian armored car. We crouched and waited. From windows our people were pouring bottles and shots. They were blasted. I saw boys down the line screaming with their wounds.

The Russians were shooting wild. Houses were their targets at first. One of my comrades got behind a tank. He climbed up to the top. When the turret opened he dropped a grenade in it. Then other Russian tanks saw what happened. They killed him.

Finally we took a tank. We could run it because some of the boys had experience in their military training. We put a crew in and our tank went with the Russians. It shot suddenly at other tanks. It got one and stopped another. The Russians were confused and scared. They began to shoot at each other and at our tank. After about an hour we lost our tank, but we got at least four of theirs.

All morning and all afternoon it went. From our 140 left us, we had 35 dead and about 50 wounded. We couldn't do anything with the wounded. The Russians shot Red Cross cars. We tried a system with ropes and pulleys to get the wounded from house to house. They were also shot.

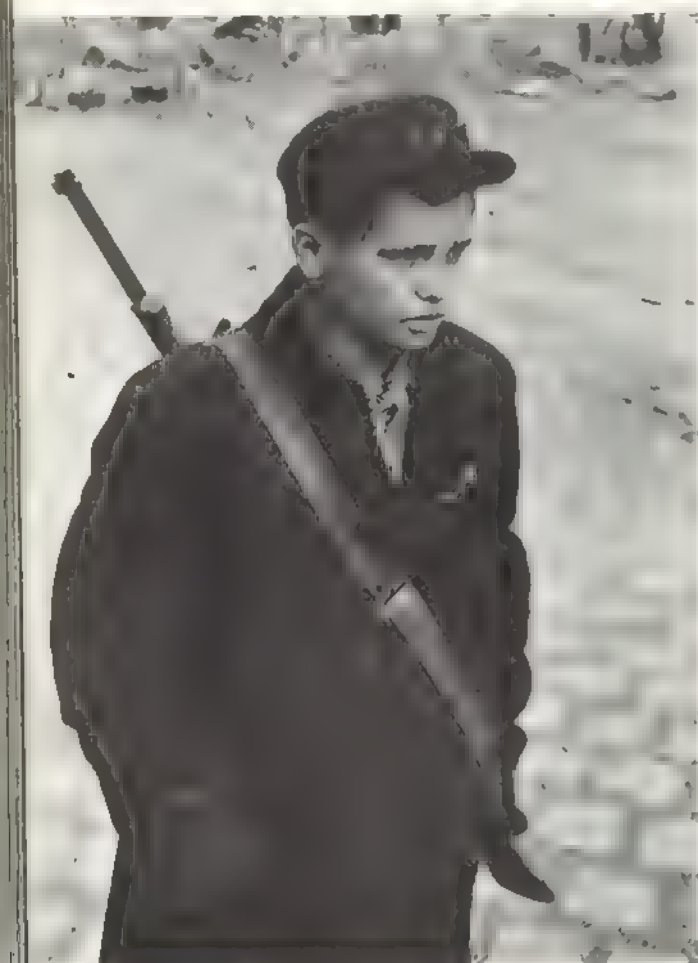
When it got dark the Russians stayed away. They shelled us from safe distances. They were afraid we would get to them in the dark. Some of us did, in patrols we sent. We lost seven in the patrols.

Sunday night we counted our weapons and ammunition. Some of us went out to get what guns and ammunition we could from dead Russians. We used some of it against Russians who broke into shops. They would say, we knew, that we were responsible for the looting. We used up lots of ammunition against them to prevent looting. Those are bad military tactics. But we aren't really soldiers.

MONDAY

We are less than half of yesterday.

We decided to keep the wounded who could still



In the tense hours of waiting even children carry rifles, while their elders cluster around the few pieces of heavy equipment with which they will oppose the hundreds of Soviet tanks bearing down on them.



use guns in fixed spots. The rest of us would run around to make it seem as if we were more than we were.

They are coming now. The first tank rams through a barrier we put up during the night.

(The remainder of Monday's account was written Monday night.)

The Russians are making a big ring around us. Then they make the ring smaller. Then it becomes a few rings. It will be a miracle if any of us survive.

We are now 27 still able to fight. At least we have taught the Russians to respect us as fighters. Twenty-seven freedom fighters left and they have sent at least 35 tanks against us.

An old lady who tried to bring us bread was shot almost as she reached my barricade. One boy

crawled out and dragged her in. It was too late.

At night the Russians went a few streets away. We couldn't afford any more patrols to go after them. We decided to try it in our street one more day. Now, of course, there are plenty of guns. But there are only 14 grenades.

TUESDAY

The Russian tanks are coming a little earlier this morning. Until now they waited for pretty full daylight. I suppose they realize that there are very few of us left.

Here are the first two.

(As before, the day's diary was completed after the fighting subsided.)

The tanks didn't come as close as on the first two days. They parked and just shot and shot. Three of

our boys and one girl tried to crawl toward them. We kept up all fire we could over their heads. One boy and the girl reached a tank. They each had a grenade. They threw them at tank treads. The tanks stopped running. Finally when the tankers came out, we got them.

The girl got back. She had bullets in her legs.

Now we were just about 20. We decided to get into the cellars of houses and have them come down after us. We circulated through all the old tunnels that exist in Budapest cellars. We just took away bricks so we could run through a few houses at a time. But we had only enough ammunition by 1500 hours for five guns. Then we decided to get out and join other freedom fighters.

We did not have much of a terrible decision

to make about our wounded. They, wherever they could, remained fighting and were killed. Those who were unable to continue died because they couldn't reach medical care.

We made it through the streets to join another force. They had enough ammunition for perhaps another day. They also had some bread which they naturally shared with us.

Some of us thought that we might shave. A curious thing to think about. As a rule we shave at our age about twice a week at most. Somebody explained that we were just thinking about dying as clean as possible.

(The diary ends that night. Later, after turning over the diary to Freidin, the boy rejoined the rebel fighters.)



On a rebel barricade stands gallery of Communist leaders at which the attacking Russians will have to shoot—a portrait of Hungary's ex-Premier Rakosi and a bust, portrait and head of Lenin.



The Soviet tanks return, fanning out through the city after a burst of fierce fighting. Now there is a lull. The rebels, like the photographer who took these pictures, are watching and waiting in the wrecked buildings.



Awaiting orders to begin the slaughter, apparently so confident that they are not even on guard against snipers hiding in the battered buildings all around them, Russian tankmen stand beside their machines.

REVULSION

**A world appalled by the Soviet actions in Hungary
cries out in anger against Communism everywhere**

A shock of indignation at the Soviet murder of Hungary ran around the globe. Never had Communist repression so stirred consciences and hearts. Even Communists—in many lands—were aghast.

The reaction among the free peoples was instant and massive. In Madison Square Garden in New York 10,000 assembled and shouted "stop the massacre" in Hungary. Pickets at the Soviet U.N. delegation headquarters were so angry that a detail of more than 130 policemen was assigned to restrain them. Detroit and Cleveland were the scenes of anti-Russian rallies. Elsewhere in the Americas, in Argentina, Uruguay and El Salvador, demonstrators showed their sympathy for Hungary.

Protests in Europe

Belgian students battled outside the Soviet embassy; in Luxembourg a crowd actually entered and set fire to the Soviet embassy, while the Soviet ambassador cowered in the cellar. In France anti-Communist demonstrations blanketed the nation from Normandy to Marseilles; in Paris, where the Reds usually foment and direct the political riots, both the headquarters of the Communist party and the editorial offices of the Communist party paper, *L'Humanité*, were set aflame by anti-Communists. All Denmark observed five minutes' silence in honor of the Hungarians' resistance. One hundred thousand West Berliners assembled at the Brandenburg Gate and shouted: "Down with the Soviet rapers in Hungary!" In Holland there were protests in almost every city; at a rally of 30,000 in Amsterdam a demonstrator held up a banner reading "Let us go as volunteers"—to Hungary. London students donned black armbands and six hundred invited guests boycotted the Soviet embassy party for the anniversary

of the Bolshevik revolution. The boycott was repeated at many Soviet embassies around the world.

The rise of this great wave of anger was especially reflected in the U.N. In the first phase of the Hungarian revolution, the U.N. did nothing. Then when the Soviets took their reprisals, a majority of the U.N. condemned them. The U.N. requested the Kadar regime to admit a U.N. team which would look to the creation of a representative Hungarian government. But neutralist states of Asia and the Middle East, more concerned with Suez than Hungary, did not support the U.N. resolution.

However, as details of the Soviet mass deportations from Hungary became known, the neutralists too were incensed. India, Indonesia and Ceylon actually proposed a new U.N. resolution, insisting that Hungary let the U.N. observers in. Iraq broke ranks with the other Arab states to vote for a U.N. resolution that demanded that the Soviets immediately "cease the deportation of Hungarian citizens."

Thus, despite the divisions caused by the Suez crisis, there was an anti-Communist unity between the most diverse nations of the world. The fact that the Soviets and their remaining Hungarian stooges rejected U.N. observers and refused to stop the deportations inflamed world opinion further.

Some men, with profound concern for the cause of freedom, thought that the West and the U.N. should have done much more and done it sooner. A strong and passionate expression of such opinion was made by the distinguished Spanish diplomat and scholar Salvador de Madariaga, now teaching at Oxford. He wrote to the *New York Times*:

"Why doesn't the U.N. send an ultimatum to the Soviet Union demanding evacuation of Hungarian territory within a week and an immediate cease-fire? Why doesn't the U.N. send a police force to

AGAINST REDS

Hungary? Is it because the United States and Britain delivered Hungary to the Soviet Union at Yalta? If so, has not the Soviet Union forfeited her claims under that ill-fated agreement? Or is it for fear of a general war and the H-bomb?

"If so, why should the Soviet Union be less afraid than we? The Soviet government cannot trust its own infantry. Hence the surfeit of tanks in Hungary. Can the West survive the revelation that the only non-Hungarians to fight for Hungary's freedom have been so far the Russian deserters? Is the faith of the West in freedom so low that they do not see the hope of liberating . . . Eastern Europe and even Russia from Communism if they make a stand now and prevent the murder of Hungary?"

Help for the refugees

While they did not follow de Madariaga's counsel, the West and the U.N. mounted a great effort to assist the flood of refugees from Hungary, and to rush aid to the stricken country itself. Nation after nation offered homes to the refugees: the U.K. and France agreed to take an unlimited number, at least seven nations said they would take as many as they could absorb, the U.S. offered to take 5,000. Immigration formalities were waived as planes and trains sped the refugees to their new destinations. To help alleviate the suffering in Hungary, the U.S. made available \$20 million in food and medical supplies. The International Red Cross, the U.S. International Rescue Committee, Hungarian associations throughout the world and religious welfare organizations mobilized a grand-scale program of help. Thousands of individuals in the free nations deluged welfare agencies with offers of supplies and money. The U.N. International Refugee Organization speeded resettlement of Hungarians who had fled. Other U.N. agencies assisted in relief distribution. Despite some reluctance the Hungarian Red regime permitted aid to enter the country.

The Communist world, too, was shaken by the horror in Hungary. Hungarian embassy staffs in several countries defected. In Austria, long-time

Communist party members demonstratively turned in their party cards. In France, the party rank and file was appalled. "You don't have to ask what I think about killing workers," said a foundryman. Leading intellectual lights of French Communism like Jean-Paul Sartre quit the party in disgust. In England, "Gabriel," for 20 years the cartoonist of the London *Daily Worker*, quit along with a quarter of its editorial staff. New York's *Daily Worker* called the use of Soviet troops "deplorable."

Perhaps the most astonishing single Communist reaction came from Milovan Djilas, the stormy Yugoslav Communist revolutionary. In an article he mailed to New York's *The New Leader* magazine, Djilas included these statements: ". . . The revolution in Hungary means the beginning of the end of Communism generally. . . . The Hungarian revolution blazed a path which sooner or later other Communist countries must follow. . . . Despite the Soviet repression in Hungary, Moscow can only slow down the processes of change; it cannot stop them in the long run. . . . If Moscow's imperialism suffers defeat and is prevented from war adventures, the U.S.S.R., too, will have to undergo considerable internal changes. . . . World Communism now faces stormy days and insurmountable difficulties and the peoples of Eastern Europe face heroic new struggles for freedom and independence."

Reverberations in the East

Marshal Tito, who had been trying to restrain the Soviets, clapped Djilas in jail for his outburst. But later, Tito himself, infuriated by the disappearance of Hungary's ex-Premier Nagy and by Soviet viciousness in Hungary, got into a bitter controversy with Moscow. Even in Poland students demonstrated against the Soviets and workers demanded that Russian citizens leave. To top it off, Poland failed to vote with the Soviets in the U.N. against admitting U.N. observers into Hungary.

These were some of the signs, in East and West, that the Hungarian revolution—although put down—might yet change the world.



Inside Madison Square Garden, where 10,000 people gathered to raise \$1 million for relief for Hungarians, a noisy demonstration erupts on the floor. Here a section of the crowd chants "We want action!"



Austrians, repulsed by police, shake their fists outside a Communist party meeting in downtown Vienna. Unable to get at the Communists here, they broke into a party headquarters nearby and smashed its interior.

Five hundred Belgian students, shouting anti-Red slogans, try to hold a demonstration before the Soviet embassy in Brussels but are disrupted by squads of police charging among them with rubber truncheons.



Frenchmen storm through the city carrying Hungarian flags and burning Communist papers. At upper left they battle police; at lower left five former premiers attend a service for Hungarian heroes at the Arc de Triomphe.



ROME



OSLO

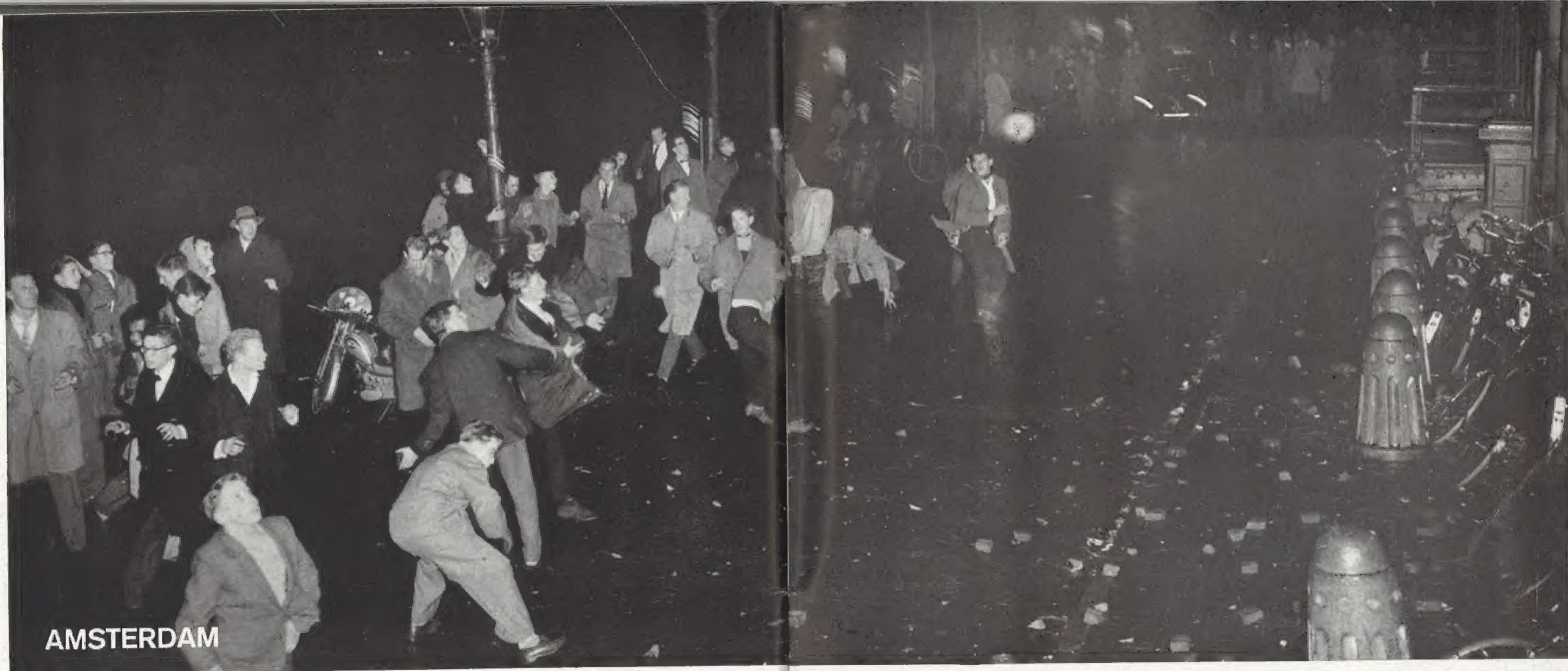
Students demonstrate in front of the Victor Emmanuel monument. All over Italy, Catholics held special Masses for the Hungarian rebels.

Solemn-faced college girls march in the forefront of a grim but peaceful parade of 10,000 Norwegians through the streets of Oslo.

Thousands of torch-brandishing Germans assemble in the western sector of Berlin to stage a bitterly anti-Communist rally at city hall.



WEST BERLIN



Dutch rioters stone the office of a Communist daily. They also attacked a Communist bookshop, the Soviet embassy and homes of Amsterdam Communists, battling policemen who used sabers against them.

Hungarian nationals parade with escort of London police. In another demonstration British students tried to present a petition to the Soviet ambassador, asking for an end to the "barbarous oppression."





Their spirit still unbroken, Hungarian families take the last course that remains open to them. The road leads to the Austrian border and to the Western world, to respite and refuge but on alien land.